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For Thinkers.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry out, and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of error;
Every seed that hurts the soil;
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, what e'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Persecution
Out, where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self exertion!
Work and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honor straight!

Men are agents for the future!
As they work so ages win
Either harvest or advancement,
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation,
Widen Education's plan;
From the majesty of nature
Teach the majesty of men.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the plant whose fruit is wisdom,
Cleanse from crime the common sod;
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God

Room for all.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother!
Why should we in that crowd of life,
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won
Without a squeeze to gain it—
No other way of getting on
But scrambling to obtain it!
Oh! fellow men, here wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call,
'Your claims divide—the world is wide—
There's room enough for all!'

Dutchy Ahead!

An old, plain-looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer, from the vicinity of the Helderburg, in pursuit of dinner, the other day, dropped in at the Excelsior Dining Saloon, in Nassau-street. Taking a seat alongside of a dandy-lassimo sort of a fellow—all perfume, moustachois and shirt-collar—our honest Mynheer ordered up his dinner.

'What will it be, sir?' asks white apron.

'You got goot corned beef, hey?' says Dutchy.

'Yes!'

'You got sourkrout, too, hey?'

'Oh, yes!'

'Vell, gif me some both!' says Mynheer.

Off starts white apron on a keen jump, and presently returns with the desired fodder. The sourkrout was smoking hot, and sent forth its peculiar flavor, evidently satisfactory to Mynheer's nasal organ, and *vice versa* to that of our dandy friend, who after the dish had been deposited on the table, and Mynheer was about commencing an attack on it, exclaimed—

'I—a—say, my friend—a—are you going to eat that stuff?'

Mynheer turned slowly around, and looking at his interrogater with evident astonishment, says he,

'Eat it? Vy, of course I eats it!'

'Well,' says dandy, 'I—a—would as lief devour a plate of guano!'

'Ah, well,' replied Mynheer, pitching into the sourkrout wtih an evident relish, *dat depends altogedder on how von was brought up!*'

A young fellow out West, recently went to 'pop the question' to a young lady with whom he was slightly acquainted. On his return, he was asked how he succeeded. Oh, I met with a warm reception,' said he. 'Indeed?'—'Yes, indeed; for as soon as I knocked at the door I had a pan full of hot soapsuds thrown on to me from the kitchen window. It was so very warm that I took the hint and retreated.'

A bird standing five feet high, five feet eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, has been shot at Ozaukee, Wisconsin. Its color is blue, with green tuft on the head.

From the Weekly Budget.

Old Myers, the Panther.

A tale from Real Life in the Backwoods.

BY SEBA SMITH.

In a country like ours, of boundless forests, rapidly filling up with a growing and widely spreading population, the pioneers of the wilderness, those hardy and daring spirits who take their lives in their hands, and march in advance of civilization, into the wild woods to endure privations among the wild animals, and run the hazard of wild warfare among the savage tribes, form a very peculiar and interesting class. Whether it is a natural hardihood and boldness, and love of adventure, or a desire for retirement, or a wish to be free from the restraints of civilized society, that thus leads this peculiar class of people into the wilderness, it matters not now to inquire. Probably all these motives, in a greater or less degree, go to make up the moving principle.

At the head of this class is the renowned Daniel Boone, whose name will live as long as his own Kentucky shall find a place on the page of history. He was the great Napoleon among the pioneers of the wilderness. But there are many others of less note, whose lives were also filled with remarkable adventures, and curious and interesting incidents. Indeed, every State in the Union has had more or less of these characters, which go to make up the class. One of these was Old Myers, the Panther; a man of iron constitution, of great power of bone and muscle, and an indomitable courage that knew no mixture of fear.

Four times, in four different States, had Myers pitched his lonely tent in the wilderness, among the savage tribes, and waited for the tide of white population to overtake him; and four times had "pulled up stakes" and marched still deeper into the forest, where he might enjoy more elbow-room, and exclaim wilth Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey—
My rights there is none to dispute."

And now at the time of which we speak, he had a fifth time pitched his tent and struck his fire on the banks of the Illinois river, in the territory which afterwards grew up to a State of the same name.—Having lived so much in the wilderness, and associated so much with the aborigines, he had acquired much of their habits and mode of life, and by his location on the Illinois river, he soon became rather a favorite among the Indian tribes around him. His skill with the rifle and the bow, and his personal feats of strength and agility, were well calculated to excite their admiration and applause. He often took the lead among them in their games of sport. It was on one of these occasions that he acquired the additional name of the Panther.

A party of eight or ten Indians, accompanied by Myers, had been out two or three days on a hunting excursion, and were returning, laden with the spoils of the chase, consisting of various kinds of wild fowl, squirrels, racoons and buffalo-skins. They had used all their ammunition except a single charge, which was reserved in the rifle of the chief for any emergency or choice game which might present itself on the way home. A river lay in way which could be crossed only at one point, without subjecting them to an extra journey of some ten miles round. When they arrived at this point, they suddenly came upon a huge panther, which had taken possesion of the pass, and, like a skilful general confident of his strong position, seemed determined to hold it. The party retreated a little, and stood at bay for a while, and consulted what should be done.

Various methods were attempted to decoy or frighten the creature from his position, but without success. He growled defiance whenever they came in sight, as much as to say, "If you want this stronghold come and take it?" The animal appeared to be very powerful and fierce. The trembling Indians hardly dared to come in sight of him, and all the reconnoitering had to be done by Myers. The majority were in favor of retreating as fast as possible, and taking the long journey of ten miles round for home; but Myers resolutely resisted. He urged the chief, whose rifle was loaded, to march up to the panther, take good aim and shoot him down; promising that the rest of the party would back him up closely with their knives and tomahawks in case of a miss-fire. But the chief refused; he knew too well the nature and power of the animal. The creature, he contended, was exceedingly hard to kill. Not one shot in twenty, however well aimed, would dispatch him; and if one shot failed, it was a sure death to the shooter, for the infuriated animal would spring upon him in an instant, and tear him to pieces.—For similar reasons every Indian in the party declined to hazard a battle with the enemy in any shape.

At last Myers, in a burst of anger and impatience, called them all a set of cowards, and snatching the loaded rifle from the hands of the chief, to the amazement of the whole party, marched deliberately towards the panther. The Indians kept at a cautious distance to watch the result of the fearful battle. Myers walked steadily up to within about two rods of the panther, keeping his eyes fixed upon him, while the eyes of the panther flashed fire, and his heavy growl betokened at once the power and firmness of the animal. At about two rods distance, Myers levelled his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired.—The shot inflicted a heavy wound, but not a fatal one; and the furious animal, maddened with the pain, made but two leaps before he reached his assailent. Myers met him with the butt end of his rifle, and staggered him a little with two or three heavy blows, but the rifle broke, and the animal grappled him apparently with his full power. The Indians at once gave Myers up for dead, and only thought of making a timely retreat for themselves.

Fearful was the struggle betwen Myers and the panther, but the animal had the best of it at first, for they soon came to the ground, and Myers underneath, suffering under the joint operation of sharp claws and teeth, applied by the most powerful muscles! In falling, however, Myers, whose right hand was at liberty, had drawn a long knife. As soon as they came to the ground, his right arm being free, he made a desperate plunge at the vitals of the animal, and as his good luck would have it, reached his heart. The loud shrieks of the panther showed that it was a death-wound. He quivered convulsively, shook his victim with a spasmodic leap and plunge, then loosened his hold and fell powerless by his side. Myers, whose wounds were severe but not mortal, rose to his feet, bleeding and much exhausted, but with life and strength to give a grand whoop, which conveyed the news of his victory to his trembling Indian friends.

They now came up to him with shouting and joy, and so full of admiration that they were almost ready to worship him. They dressed and bound up his wounds, and were now ready to pursue their journey home without the least impediment. Before crossing the river, however, Myers cut off the head of the panther, which he took home with him, and fastened it up by the side of his cabin-door, where it remained for years, a memorial of a deed that excited the admiration of the Indians in all that region. From that time forth they gave Myers that name, and always called him the Panther.

Time rolled on, and the Panther continued to occupy his hut in the wilderness, on the bank of the Illinois river, a general favorite among the savages, and exercising great influence over them. At last the tide of white population again overtook him, and he found himself once more surrounded by white neighbors.—Still, however, he seemed loth to forsake the noble Illinois, on whose banks he had been so long a fixture, and he held on, forming a sort of connecting link between the white settlers and the Indians.

At length hostilities broke out, which resulted in the memorable Black Hawk War, that spread desolation through that part of the country. Parties of Indians committed the most wanton and cruel depredations, often murdering old friends and companions, with whom they had held long conversation. The white settlers, for some distance round, flocked to the cabin of the Panther for protection. His cabin was transformed into a sort of garrison, and was filled by more than a hundred men, women and children, who rested almost their only hope of safety on the prowess of the Panther, and his influence over the savages.

At this time a party of about nine hundred of the Iroquois tribe were on the banks of the Illinois, about a mile from the garrison of Myers, and nearly opposite the present town of La Salle. One day news was brought to the camp of Myers, that his brother-in-law and wife, and their three children, had been cruelly murdered by some of the Indians. The Panther heard the sad news in silence.—The eyes of the people were upon him to see what he would do. Presently they beheld him with a deliberate and determined air, putting himself in battle array. He girded on his tomahawk and scalping-knife, and shouldered his loaded rifle, and at open midday, silently and alone, bent his steps towards the Indian encampment. With a fearless and firm tread, he marched directly into the midst of the assembly, elevated his rifle at the head of the principal chief present, and shot him dead on the spot. He then deliberately severed the head from the trunk, and holding it up by the hair before the awe-struck multitude he exclaimed, "You have murdered my brother-in-law, his wife and their little ones; and now I have murdered your chief. I am now even with you. But now mind, every one of you that is found here to-morrow morning at sunrise, is a dead Indian!"

All this was accomplished without the least molestation from the Indians. These people are accustomed to regard any remarkable deed of daring as the result of some supernatural agency; and doubtless so considered the present incident. Believing their chief had fallen a victim to some unseen power, they were stupified with terror, and looked on without even a thought of resistance. Myers bore off the head in triumph to his cabin, where he was welcomed by his anxious friends, almost as one returning from the dead.—The next morning not an Indian was to be found anywhere in the vicinity. Their camps were deserted, and they left forever their ancient haunts and their dead, and that part of the State was not molested by them afterwards.

The last account we have of Old Myers, the Panther, was in 1838. The old man was eighty years of age, but his form was still erect and his steps were firm; his eyes were not dim, nor his natural force abated. Up to that time he had remained on the banks of his favorite Illinois.—But now the old veteran pioneer grew discontented. The state was rapidly filling up with inhabitants, and the forms and restraints of civilization pressed upon him. The wildness and freshness of the country were destroyed. He looked abroad from his old favorite hills, and he saw that in every direction the march of civilization had broken in upon the repose of the old forest, and his heart again yearned

"For a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach him more."

The old man talked about selling out and once more "pulling up stakes" to be off.

"What?" said a neighbor, "you are not going to leave us, Father Myers, and take yourself to the woods again in your old age?"

"Yes," said Myers, "I can't stand this eternal bustle of the world around me.—I must be off in the woods where it is quiet, and as soon as I can sell out my improvements I shall make tracks."

The venerable "squatter" had no fee in the land he occupied, but the improvements on it were his own, and it was not long before a gentleman appeared who offered a fair equivalent for these, with a right to purchase the soil. The bargain was completed, and the money counted out; and the Panther began to prepare for his departure.

"Where are you going, Father Myers, said the neighbor.

"Well, I reckon," said the old Panther, "I shall go away off somewhere to the further side of Missouri; I understand the people haint got there yet, and there's plenty of woods there."

He proceeded to array himself for his journey. He put on the same hunting-shirt which he wore when he killed the Indian chief. He loaded his rifle and girded on his tomahawk and scalping-knife; and, having filled his knapsack with such articles as he chose to carry with him, he buckled it upon his shoulders, and giving a farewell glance round the cabin, he sallied forth and took the western road for Missouri. When he had reached a little eminence some rods distant, he was observed to hesitate, and stop and look back. Presently he returned slowly to the cabin.

"Have you forgot anything, Father Myers?" said the occupant.

"I believe," said the old man, "I must take the head of the panther along with me, if you have no objections."

"Certainly," said the gentleman, "any personal matters you have a perfect right to."

The old man took down the dried up remains of the panther's head from the wall where it had hung for many years, and fastened it to his knapsack. Then taking one last lingering look of the premises, he turned to the occupant, and asked if he was willing he should give his "grand yell" before he started on his journey.

"Certainly, Father Myers," said the gentleman: "I wish you to exercise the utmost freedom in all personal matters before you leave."

At this the old Panther gave a long, and loud, shrill whoop, that rang through the welkin, and was echoed by forest and hills for miles around.

"There," said the old man, "now my blessing is on the land and on you. Your ground will always yield an abundance, and you will always prosper."

Then Old Myers, the Panther, turned his face to the westward, and took up his solitary march for the distant wilderness.

A Curiosity in California.

One of the most interesting events which have recently transpired in California, is the discovery in the southern part of the state, in the neighberhood of the Colorado, of an immense pyramid of hewn stone. It has a level top of fifty feet square, though it is evident that it was once completed, but that some great convulsion of nature has displaced its entire top, as it evidently now lies a huge and broken mass upon one of its sides, though nearly covered by the sands. This pyramid differs in some respect from the Egyptian pyramids; it is, or was, more slender or pointed, and while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers, receding as they rise, the American pyramid was undoubtedly a more finished work; the outer surface of the blocks were evidently cut to an angle that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom. From the present level of the sands that surround it, there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone, that will average at least two feet; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before the top was displaced, it must have been judging from an angle in its sides, at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the surface of the sands, it is impossible to determine without great labor. Such is the age of this immense structure that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away by the storms, the vicissitudes and the corroding of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent particularly upon one of its sides, because a singular fact connected with this remarkable structure is that it inclines nearly ten degrees to one side of the vertical or perpendicular.

The Man who has slept Five years.

We called yesterday to see the man who has been asleep for five years, and whose case was detailed in the Times some weeks since. We found him in what seemed like a sound sleep. He was lying in bed, his eyes nearly closed, his respiration rather slower than is usual, his breathing a little stertorous, pulse some seventy-five strokes in a minute, soft and weak. On attempting to open his eyes, he firmly closed them, and when, by force, the lids were opened, the eyes were rolled upward so that it was impossible to see the pupils. The mouth was slightly opened; on attempting to open it wider the jaws were instantly locked. There was a constant tremor of the eyelids, and from his mouth there was some drivelling. His body was extremely emaciated; his arms were folded upon his breast, and any attempt to remove them was strongly resisted. The mucles seemed rigid and tense when the effort was made, and indeed it was impossible, without violence, to change at all the position of his limbs. Once during our stay, he drew a long breath, like a man who is about to turn in his sleep. At another time, he hitched himself up a little in bed. He was lifted up bodily and seated on the side of the bed; his head was still bent forward upon his chest, his legs crooked under him at the same angle, and his arms folded as when he was lying. There was nothing to indicate that he would not retain the same position for weeks. We lifted one foot, the other came up with it. There was little or no bending at the knee, or at the hip; the feet were raised only as the upper part of the body was carried backwards. He was placed standing upon the floor. It required a few moments to balance him exactly; after that, he stood in the same position so long as we remained; there was nothing to indicate that he would not maintain the same posture for a month.

This certainly is a most marvellous case. There is not the slightest chance for any collusion or deception in the matter. Many of our best physicians have examined him,—none, so far as we can hear, believe any deception in the case to be possible. From physicians in the Western prat of N. York, and from men of the highest standing, we are assured that the story which is told of him is perfectly true.

Though we have given a history of it before, a brief restatement is warranted by the interest created by presence here. His name is Cornelius Vroman; he was born in Schoharie county, but has lived since he was seventeen years of age in Clarkson, Monroe county, not far from Rochester. He was a hard working man, a good worker, temperate, trusty, and at the time when his strange sleep came on, he was working on the farm of Mr. Moses Jennings. His mother is dead; he has a father and two brothers living in Clarkson. On the 19th of June 1848, he felt unwell enough to call in Dr. John S. Cole, who found him complaining of some pain in the stomach and in the head, for which he prescribed. After this, without becoming any more sick, his sleep each night grew longer, until at last it was found impossible to wake him. Out of this sleep he has never come, to remain wakeful for more than sixteen hours at a time; and the aggregate of all his waking hours since the seizure is not over three days. At first they were oftener, but now the waking intervals recur about every six weeks. The last time he awoke was while he was in Rochester, some ten weeks since, which gives us a hope that his waking hour now approaches, and that we may see see him in his wakeful condition. When awake, he seems totally unconscious of his peculiarity, and has said some things which indicate that he remembers matters as they were before his change. They say that he straightens himself up then, and walks as limberly as others. Yet now to handle his limbs, we fear that they must be partially anchylosed. But on this point we are not satisfactorily informed.

His diet consits principally of milk, sometimes with a little bread soaked in it. It is with some difficulty that it can be administered. The jaws must be forced open as in tetanus, and the liquid poured in between his teeth. Once he went without any food for five days; but his friends objected to any farther conduct of the experiment, though there was no change in his symptoms during that time. When the seizure occurred he is said to have weighed 160 pounds; now he cannot weigh over 90 pounds. His height was six feet two inches. The secretion of the kidneys is discharged once or twice a day; it is very high colored, and not much diminished in quantity. Possibly it is from habit, possibly from some remains of consciousness, that in this matter he is subject to the wishes of attendants. The alvine evacuations are very scanty, occurring not oftener than at intervals of from six to twenty days. Once he was left standing for three days; there was no change in his position during that time.

We are not informed definitely as to the medical treatment to which he has been subjected. We are told, however, (and he has scars that attest it,) that he has been blistered and bled, subjected to issues, setons, and counter-irritation of almost every sort; that tonics and sudden stimulants have all been applied; but medicine has exhausted its resourses in vain. Once he was thrown into the water, but it produced no change.

His personal appearance is anything but prepossessing. The beard, which covers his face and lips, stands erect, and the hair of his head also stands on end.—We are assured that this is no peculiarity in the family, and that nothing of this sort, no tendency to epilectic or kindred diseases, has ever been noticed in the family.

Medical men regard this case with the profoundest interest. It is entirely without a parallel in the medical history.—Catalepsy it has been called, but the rigity of the muscles is quite uncommon; indeed, the limbs of the cataleptic generally seems to be plastic, maintaining the position in which they are placed—yielding readily, however, to any counterbalancing power.

We have seen another form of it, in which, though the head, the neck, or the limbs would take any posture given them after the lapse of a few moments they would begin gradually to return to the position occupied at the time of the seizure. The maintenance of the cataleptic state for even a few days is extremley rare. The tetanic spasm of the mouth upon attempting to open it, the forcible closing of the eyelid, and the other slight indications of consciousness, are not common in catalepsy.

The ecstasy of nosologists recognises a lack of all consciousness and recognition and great muscular rigidity, but more or less mental excitement is supposed to be indicated by that term. Strange ecstatic seizures connected with hysteria are on record.

Cases are recorded where lethargy—or cataphora, as some prefer to call it—and coma have been greatly prolonged. but in these we believe the voluntary motions of which we have spoken were entirely absent. No case, however, of either has been protracted for years as has this. This curious case seems both to baffle all medical skill, and to defy the history of medicine to adduce a parallel.—*N. Y. Times.*

Verbal Phraseology.

'A singular advertisement,' says a Wisconsin friend, 'attracted my notice a few days ago, which seemed so entirely original, and withal so 'western' in its sentiment and expression, that I cannot forbear sending it to the Knickerbocker. It appears that some speculator has conceived the bold idea of building a city in Wisconsin, and owning it all himself; an undertaking which will certainly pay when it is successful. The gentleman's advertisement closed up with a paragraph like the following: 'The town of——and surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also, two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers.' About as rapid a descent from the poetical to the practical as is manifested by young eastern merchants who get married, and come out West on what they call 'a *wedding and collecting tour.*'

A Frank Acknowledgment.

A young butcher put up at a tavern to stay all night, and the landlord, by way of nickname, called him doctor, a tittle he had generally borne among his neighbors. It so happened that a young *M. D.* tarried there all night; and hearing the landlord call the butcher Doctor, he took it for granted that he was a real disciple of Esculapius. The next day it came to pass that they traveled together, and the young doctor asked the butcher what success he met with in his practice? The butcher replied that he *killed more than he cured!* The docter, willing to be as candid as his friend, frankly acknowledged that he also killed more than he cured, in trying experiments!

An India plant as good as gutta percha has been found. Its milky juice when dried becomes tough and hard.—The chemical tests correspond exactly with the established results of gutta percha. It becomes plastic in hot water, and has been moulded into cups and vessels. It will unite with the true gutta percha. It also produces an excellent fibre, useful in the place of hemp and flax. It is called the mudder plant of India (Asclepia gigantea).